

Home Sweet Home

Opera in 2 Acts

By  
C. A. Somerset

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Home Sweet Home

Opera 2 act

Ch. Gounod



## Home, Sweet Home, or the Swiss Family.

*Count Walstein. (astonished ! listens to the well known Swiss Air.)*

Heavens ! what is your name Young Man ?

*Henry. Henry Freeberg.*

*Act, I. Scene*

*1882*  
Duncombe's Edition.

# HOME! SWEET HOME!

OR,

THE SWISS FAMILY;

AN OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS:

Adapted from the original German,

By C. A. SOMERSET,

*Author of Crazy Jane—A Day after the Fair—Sylvana—  
The Roebuck; or, Guilty and not Guilty—Damon and Phillis—  
Maurice the Woodcutter, &c.*

Music by Joseph Weigl, Capel Meister to his Imperial Majesty, the  
Emperor of Austria.

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THE ONLY EDITION CORRECTLY MARKED FROM THE  
PROMPTER'S BOOK; WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, SITUATIONS,  
AND DIRECTIONS.

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AS PERFORMED AT

**The London Theatres.**

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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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*Count Wallstein, a wealthy nobleman, Miss Matley.*

*Dermond, his Steward . . . Master Taylor.*

*Greenhorn, Nephew to Dermond . . Master Burke.*

*Walter, Father of Emmelina . . Master Russel.*

*Henry Freeberg, a Swiss Shepherd, Miss Fanny Woodham.*

*Gertrude, Mother of Emmelina . . Miss R. Clifford.*

*Emmelina . . . . . Miss Coveney.*

*Peasantry, Domestics, &c. &c.*

SCENE—*The Park and Estate of Count Wallstein.*



# HOME! SWEET HOME!

## ACT I.

### SCENE I.

*The Park of Count Wallstein, artificially made to resemble a Swiss Landscape as much as possible.—(O.P.) a cottage, (P.S.) a second, rather smaller, both Swiss—The back of the scene is separated from the fore-ground by a moderately high wall, with gate in centre—above which several high poplars appear. Near the cottage (O.P.) are seen several implements of agriculture, as spades, rakes, &c. &c. lying about. Near the door of the same cottage is a neat little bed of flowers, with a watering-pot, &c.*

*Enter DERMOND, the steward, with a plan of the Park in his hand, followed by GREENHORN, from gates in centre.*

DUET—Dermond and Greenhorn.

*Dermond. (Regarding the scene, and comparing it with the plan he holds in his hand.)*

The cottage here—the trees behind—

The bed of flowers yonder!

*Green.* If, uncle, you don't stop, you'll find,

You will have cause to wonder.

*Der.* Wilt hold thy tongue, thou stupid elf?

*Green.* You know I love to hear myself.

*Der.* What joy will sparkle in her eyes,  
When she beholds the scene;

*Green.* Tho' it, perhaps, may please her eyes,  
To me it gives the spleen.

*Der.* Be silent! not another word,

Obeys his lordship's orders.

*Green. (aside)* These cursed boors, if I were heard,

Should soon march o'er the borders.

*Der.* Benevolence exalts the mind,  
And he who cheers the sad,  
In his own breast is sure to find  
A heart for ever glad.

*Green.* The rich may give away their cash,

But had I store of pelf,

Trust me, I would not be so rash,

But keep it all myself.

*Both together.*

*Green.* That's all very fine, uncle—but, believe your hopeful nephew, a young man of great experience in the world, no good will come of this. His lordship's tenantry begin to grumble already.

*Der.* The ungrateful wretches! Was it not the father of this worthy Swiss family, the brave Walter, who saved the life of our generous benefactor, Count Wallstein?

*Green.* Why, lookye, uncle, they don't deny that—and allow that he ought to be most liberally rewarded; but that the Count should have brought the whole tribe here from Switzerland to eat us out of house and home—nay, even transmogrified a beautiful Christian-like park into a wild heathen-like wilderness, to please such a parcel of Hottentots, that's certainly carrying the joke too far; and, trust me, as a young man of great experience, that——

*Der.* Pshaw! a fellow just crept out of his eggshell to talk of experience indeed! Ha, ha, ha!

*Green.* But, uncle, now ——

*Der.* Hold thy tongue, I say! Upon my word you are a pretty fellow indeed, to find fault with your superiors.—Another word, and— But tell me, is the cottage fitted up exactly in the Swiss manner, as I directed? Have the workmen been sent for to cut down those trees, and remove the wall? (*Greenhorn is silent—Dermond takes him by the ear*)—You scoundrel, why don't you answer?

*Green.* (*whimpering*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! didn't you tell me to hold my tongue? I'm sure one's quite at a loss to please you, uncle. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

*Enter Count WALLSTEIN, from gate in centre.*

*Count W.* What now, Dermond?

*Der.* I was only chastising my graceless young dog of a nephew yonder, nothing more, my lord—whom I have over-loaded with benefits, and yet——

*Green.* Precious benefits! pulling a young man's ears till they're almost as long as a donkey's, he calls benefits.—Oh! 'tis most unchristian-like cruelty.

*Der.* Will you hold your tongue? (*Greenhorn retires up grumbling*).

*Count W.* Well, Dermond, how goes on my favourite project? (*looking round*) I like what has been done exceedingly.

*Der.* I am rejoiced to find your Lordship is pleased with my humble exertions.

*Green.* (*hastily stepping between*) Our exertions, uncle, if you please?

*Der.* Will you be silent, I say? (*to the Count*) I have strictly adhered to the plan (*pointing to it*) drawn by your own right honourable hand in Switzerland. My work is complete—I have done every thing.

*Green.* Oh! fie, uncle, to tell such wicked stories!—Didn't I lay out that bed of flowers yonder? for having



great experience in botany, says you to me, ' Master Greenhorn,' says you——

*Der.* You're a blockhead !

*Green.* No, uncle, you didn't say any such thing ; and I'm sure I don't see how you should to a young man of my experience.

*Der.* Another word, sirrah, and I'll horsewhip thee.—(to the Count) As I was saying, my Lord, every thing is complete—even to the household furniture belonging to the Swiss family, which I have taken care to have conveyed hither.

*Green.* (going to the cottage door (o.p.) and half opening the door, looks in while speaking) Precious furniture it is too ! An old ricketty table, with two legs and a half—a chest of drawers with pigeon-holes, made by Adam's own journeyman cabinet-maker—an antedeluvian elbow-chair, completely out at the elbow—a warming-pan wanting a handle—a pair of bellows without a nose—a——

*Der.* Hold thy intolerable clack, or I'll pull thy nose for thee.

*Green.* That's always the way ; I am to speak, and I'm not to speak. To make such a fuss about a parcel of wild Hottentots indeed ! I never met with an instance of such absurdity before in the whole course of my experience.

[Exit at gate in centre.]

*Count W.* I expect the lovely Emmelina this very evening from the next town, where I sent her, in hopes that its gay scenes might serve to dissipate the melancholy that clouds her brow. I must give you credit for your exertions, Dermond ; the little cottage opposite her own—the flower garden—the surrounding scenery—all will combine to make her fancy this spot her native Switzerland.

*Der.* I'm sure the Swiss family have reason to be most grateful to your Lordship.

*Count W.* Do I not owe to them my life ? When I think of the dreadful day when I was precipitated into an abyss of snow, where I must have perished but for the intrepid Walter—my blood freezes with horror.

#### ROMANCE—Count Wallstein.

The mighty Alps had I ascended,  
To view the glorious morning sun  
Walk forth in orient pride, as splendid  
As had he erst his race begun—  
And as I thus, above the world  
Delighted stood, the snow gave way—  
When, quick as lightning, I was hurled  
Into a deep abyss, where long I lay !

There Walter found me void of motion,  
 As he was passing thro' the glen—  
 And wading thro' the icy ocean,  
 Recalled me soon to life again,  
 And bore me to his humble dwelling;  
 Where watchful love, both day and night,  
 Sweet health restor'd—all fears dispelling;  
 Say, can I then such love requite?

*Der.* 'Twas bravely done of the honest mountaineer; but then, you know, your Lordship has most generously rewarded him.

*Count W.* Rewarded him! As if the man, who boldly rushes forward in the moment of danger, and at the risk of his own life rescues a fellow creature from destruction, could possibly be rewarded. Dermond, you do not understand such matters. (*crosses L.H.*)

*Der.* The parents seem grateful and happy, as well they may—but the daughter——

*Count W.* Ay, Dermond, there lies the difficulty. The more I observe her rooted melancholy, the more I am convinced that some secret grief preys upon her mind; nay, I have in fact discovered the cause—it is love. A young shepherd of the name of Henry Freeberg is the object of her affections; he is a native of her own village, and dwells in a little cottage exactly opposite that of her parents—just as I have endeavoured to plan it here. Her duty to her parents prevailed over her love, and when they emigrated she followed them, yet evidently with an aching heart. Now I, desirous of seeing my Alpine rose in richest bloom, have written to my agent, directing him to provide young Henry Freeberg with money, and send him hither without delay.

*Der.* Excellent, my Lord! worthy of your truly generous heart.

*Enter GREENHORN, with a letter, from gate in centre.*

*Der.* (*to Greenhorn*) Well, sirrah, what brings you here again?

*Green.* Nothing brings me here, uncle, but I bring something. A letter for his Lordship,

*Count W.* A letter for me! (*takes it, and reads the address*)—It's from my agent in Switzerland. (*he hesitates to open it, as if fearing ill news*).

#### TRIO.

*Green.* It seems as if this wondrous letter,  
 Bewilder'd had his Lordship's brains;  
 To open it, methinks, were better,  
 And read aloud what it contains.

*Der.* To read at once this friendly letter,  
I wonder why the Count refrains,  
To open it methinks were better—  
I long to hear what it contains.

*Count.* I trust that this most welcome letter,  
Will bring me joy and ease my pains;  
Why hesitate ? methinks I'd better  
Peruse at once what it contains.

*Der.* (*perceives that Greenhorn is listening and looking over the Count's shoulder, and pulls him away by the ear*)  
Begone, thou impudent knave !

*Green.* How can I ? Haven't you got fast hold of me by the ear, uncle ?

*Der.* (*letting him go*) Get thee gone, I say.

*Green.* I'm going ! But upon my word, uncle, you do treat your relations most scurvily. [*Exit through gate.*]

*Count W.* (*reads the letter*) "My Lord—I am sorry to inform you that young Henry Freeberg left his native village soon after the departure of the Swiss family you have so kindly patronized—nor has he since been heard of."—(*drops the letter affected*) Dermond, this letter deprives me of every hope—Henry Freeberg has left Switzerland.

*Enter WALTER and GERTRUDE, disputing, through gate in centre.*

*Wal.* It's no manner of use, dame, to attempt to argue with me—I say I must and will.

*Ger.* But, Walter, now do consider——

*Wal.* No, no, dame, I am determined to tell his Lordship the plain truth at once.

*Count W.* (*meeting them*) Welcome home, my friends. What, tired of town already ?

*Wal.* Yes, my Lord ; its gay scenes have no charms for the Swiss mountaineer, who from the summit of the Alps has seen the sun rise upon twenty millions of happy men inhabiting the garden of the world.

*Ger.* But mind now, Walter—take care you don't offend his Lordship.

*Wal.* Not for the world—but as I said before, the plain truth must be told, and shall too.

*Count W.* But where is Emmelina ?

*Wal.* She will follow us anon, my Lord.

*Count W.* And her health ?

*Ger.* Alas ! is still the same.

*Wal.* Nay, worse, dame ; her health is much worse—for added to the grief that preys upon her heart, I greatly fear her reason begins to be impaired.

*Count W.* Heaven forbid!

*Wal.* Would your Lordship allow a plain simple man, to speak his mind to you without reserve?

*Ger.* Now, Walter, pr'ythee be cautious what you say.

*Wal.* Pr'ythee, dame, let me alone, for goodness sake.

*Count W.* Speak, my friend! what could I refuse to the preserver of my life?

*Wal.* No more of that, my Lord, if you please. He who saves the life of a fellow-creature, does but his duty, and is simply an honest man, nothing *more*—he who hesitates or refuses, a cowardly scoundrel, nothing *less*.

*Ger.* Now, Walter, do be cautious what you say.

*Wal.* Now, pr'ythee, dame, do for once give thy tongue a holiday, and let me alone.—(to the Count) An't please your Lordship, our hearts do certainly feel most grateful for your bounty—yet I must inform you, that we shall be obliged to return to dear Switzerland again, and that not for our own, but poor Emmelina's sake.

*Count W.* How so, my friend? (to the Steward) Dermond, retire a moment.

*Der.* My Lord, I obey. (*bows, and exit.*)

*Wal.* Poor Emmelina's grief is such, that longer to behold it would break her parents' heart. On her native hills she used to skip along the picture of health and contentment, but now——

*Count W.* I regret your resolution—yet if it be necessary, go, in heaven's name.

*Ger.* Yes, my Lord, go we must. We cannot bear to see our tender flower blighted by grief and sorrow. No, she shall be transplanted back into her native garden, that there she may bloom again.

#### TRIO.

*Wal.* 'Tis grief that, like a fire slow,  
Consumes my darling child.

*Ger.* Her eye is void of youthful glow—  
Her look is pale and wild.

*Wal.* One moment she will sing for joy,  
The next she's full of grief.

*Ger.* And when her sorrows hope destroy,  
From me she seeks relief.

*Wal.* My child's condition breaks my heart!

*Count.* Well may her grief affect your heart.

*Ger.* Oh, could I some relief impart.

*Count.* 'Tis love alone that pains her heart.

*Wal.* No longer then here let us tarry, (*allegro vivace*)  
But back to her dear native home.

*Ger.* The rose, that here droops, again carry,  
That there she may flourish and bloom.



- Wal.* The sight of the pastures so blooming,  
The gentle, soft murmuring rills.
- Ger.* The flocks that delighted art grazing,
- Wal.* The horn that resounds on the hills;
- Ger.* The birds that so gladly are singing—
- Wal.* The peasantry waltzing and springing.
- Ger.* Come, come, let us hasten away.
- Count.* I see that she here cannot stay—  
For love pains her bosom—  
Yes, love 'tis that calls her away.
- Ger.* The pastures so blooming—
- Wal.* The soft murmuring rills.
- Ger.* The flocks that are grazing.
- Wal.* The horn on the hills.
- Ger.* The birds that are singing.
- Wal.* The bells that are ringing,  
The waltzing and springing.
- Ger.* Come, come, let us hasten away.
- Count.* I see that she here cannot stay,  
For love pains her bosom—  
Yes, love 'tis that calls her away.
- Ger.* Then hasten! oh, hasten! let's hasten away.
- Count.* In vain 'tis—for love calls the maiden away;  
Yes! love, 'tis that calls her away.

*Count W.* Tell me, my friends, did you never notice your daughter having any particular attachment in her native village? You understand me?

*Ger.* Never, my Lord; and if she had, I am very sure it would not have escaped my penetration.

*Wal.* Her heart never had a secret from her parents.

*Count W.* And yet, my friends, love is as natural to youth as flowers to the spring.

*Ger.* Ah! now, indeed, I do begin to suspect. Walter, you recollect young Henry Freeberg, the Alpine shepherd,

*Wal.* To be sure I do; the same who used to tend his flocks along with Emmelina.

*Ger.* Ay, and danced with her at our last village wake, and planted her flower-garden, you know.

*Wal.* Oh, yes, I see it all, now, clear enough.—(to the Count) Ah, my Lord, you know more of the human heart than I do—that's certain.

*Ger.* The dear child! to stifle her grief, and leave her native village with an aching heart rather than stand in the way of her poor parents prosperity.

*Wal.* But I'm determined, dame, no longer to be the cause of her sufferings. What! should we live in luxury and ease while our poor Emmelina is drooping before our eyes? Never! it shall be my task to lead her instantly back to her native hills—to happiness, to love, and liberty.

*Count W.* See! the lovely Emmelina comes this way.



Not a word of your intentions yet, d'ye hear? I have my reasons. This way, my friends. (*they stand aside*)

*Enter EMMELINA through gate in centre—she is pale, dejected, and melancholy—advances with slow and measured steps to music. She observes the cottage, (O.P.) and seems for a moment rivetted to the spot—she rubs her eyes as if doubting their evidence. The bed of flowers next attracts her attention, as also the implements of husbandry. This interesting pantomime ends with a loud exclamation of joy.*

#### QUARTETTO.

*Emme. (regarding the scene)*

Heavens! what is here?  
Is it fancy? is it fancy?  
Oh, how happy I do seem!  
Is not that our cottage yonder?  
Is it really, or a dream?  
Here too is my bed of flowers!

Never!

No, I ne'er again will roam.  
Oh, my joy quite overpower's  
This poor heart—I am at home!  
Yes, I am, I am at home!  
Here our cottage—there my flowers!  
Never, never, more I'll roam!  
Oh, my joy quite overpowers  
This poor heart—I am at home.

[*Exit into cottage, O.P.*]

*Count, Gertrude, and Walter.*

She's delighted beyond measure,  
Transport pure her bosom fills,  
At the thought, replete with pleasure,  
That she's on her native hills.

*Re enter EMMELINA, from cottage, in an ecstasy of delight.*

*Emme.* Oh, what have I seen? Yet, is it a dream?

The chairs and the tables,  
Our household utensils—  
All, all, are still there,  
Just, just as they were.  
Kind heaven, I thank thee!  
Not weeping, but smiling,  
All sorrow beguiling,  
I live but to joy!  
To joy! yes, to joy! but to joy!

*Count, Gertrude, and Walter.*

Rejoic'd beyond measure,  
She dreams but of pleasure,  
May endless delight.  
Her sorrows requite.

*Emme.* Kind heaven, I thank thee.

*Count, Gertrude, and Walter.*

Rejoiced beyond measure.

*Emme.* Not weeping, but smiling.

*Count, Gertrude, and Walter.*

*She dreams but of pleasure.*

*Emme.* All sorrows beguiling,  
I live but to joy.

*Count, Gertrude, and Walter.*

May endless delight,  
Her sorrows requite.

*Emme. (embracing her parents)* Ah, my dear father!—and my mother too! Oh, how delighted I am! You'll find every thing in our cottage just as we left it. Come and see! Come! [*Exit with her parents into cottage.*]

*Count W. (solus)* Poor girl! she fancies herself indeed once more in Switzerland.

*Enter DERMOND.*

*Der.* I have sent for the labourers to remove the wall, and cut down the trees, my Lord—they will be here directly.

*Count W.* It must be done in the night, Dermond, and as quietly as possible—that when Emmelina awakes in the morning, she may behold the uninterrupted prospect before her eyes. But hush! this way; she comes!

[*They retire up.*]

*Re-enter EMMELINA, WALTER, and GERTRUDE, from Cottage.*

*Ger. (to the Count)* Such goodness, my Lord, demands our eternal gratitude.

*Count W.* Enough of that, my friends.

*Emme. (to her parents)* But I am half angry with you for not telling me we had returned home again. But no matter! here we are—and our troubles at an end. You'll not leave the mountains again, will you father? If you do, you'll be the death of your poor Emmelina.

*Ger. (aside)* My poor lost child! Yet say, do you miss nothing Emmelina!

*Emme. (rejoicing)* Nothing! Are not you with me, and my dear father too? Am I again in the midst of all those who love me? (*with a deep sigh she says aside*)—Did I say all? No—not all! (*glancing at the little cottage, p.s.*) I wonder where Henry is, that he doesn't bid me welcome home? (*seeing the Count*) Ah, a strange gentleman too! A traveller, no doubt. Perhaps, sir, you want a guide? if so, here is my father, Walter; he is an excellent guide. Not long since, he saved the life of a most worthy gentleman; father, do you relate the story, for my poor head is wandering so—I hardly know what I say! (*rests her head on her mother's bosom*)

*Wal.* Why, Emmelina! this gentleman is Count Wallstein himself—don't you know him?

*Emme.* Oh, yes! now I recollect. So you are come to see us, are you, my Lord? You are heartily welcome,—you are a worthy gentleman! You could not bear to see me miserable, and permitted me to return once more to dear Switzerland, where I am happy! Yes, happy: quite happy! (*reclines as before on her mother's bosom*)

*Count W. (aside)* Poor girl! she shall indeed return.

*Wal.* Leave her to me, my Lord; I will try, with heaven's aid, to call back her wandering reason.

*Count W. (to Gertrude and Dermond)* My friends, let us retire a moment.

[*Exeunt Count, Gertrude, and Dermond, into cottage.*]

*Wal.* Emmelina, my love, fetch me a chair—I have something of consequence to impart.

*Emme.* In a moment, father—in a moment. (*runs to cottage door*)

*Wal.* Heaven prosper my humble endeavours.

*Emme. (brings a chair)* Here is a chair, father; I'm sure you must be tired; and here's another for me.—(*fetches a second—they sit side by side*)

#### DUET.

*Wal.* Sit thee down, dear Emmelina, you have nought to fear,  
We will have a word together—no one listens here.

*Emme.* When with you, my dearest father, sorrow disappears,  
And when thus we sit together, hope my bosom cheers.

*Wal.* Come, my child, on a fond father's love you may depend,  
Therefore ev'ry grief unbosom as unto a friend.

*Emme.* As unto a friend.

*Wal.* As unto a friend.

*Both.* Sympathy dispels all anguish, banishes all fear,  
And the bosom need not languish when a friend is near.

*Emme.* Ever, from my earliest childhood, you were always kind.

*Wal.* Then reward me now, by speaking openly your mind.

*Emme.* Can I ever tell the sorrows which my bosom rend?

*Wal.* Come, my child, tell all thy sorrows to thy dearest friend.

*Emme.* To my dearest friend.

*Wal.* To thy dearest friend.

*Both. (rising)* Sympathy dispels all anguish, banishes all fear,  
And the bosom need not languish when a friend is near.

*Wal.* What think you, my dear Emmelina—have we not every reason to be happy here? The noble Count Wallstein suffers us to want for nothing. Nay, he even insists on our living with him.

*Emme.* There you mistake, father; the noble Count is come to live with us, you know.

*Wal.* Not so, my dear. Come, now, be collected; this is the Count's park, which he has made to resemble—



*Emme.* This the Count's park, and not our dear native village of Greenwald!—(*aside*) Ah! now I see the reason why Henry is not here. (*sighs*) 'Twas cruel to deceive me thus! but never mind—I'll not grieve, for my poor parents sake.

*Wal.* Yet though *we* are comfortable here, 'tis evident *you* are unhappy, and I am therefore resolved immediately to return to dear Switzerland.

*Emme.* No, no, father! you are provided for in your old age, and need not work so hard. Believe me, my dear father, I am not unhappy! Oh, no! (*sighs*) I'm not unhappy.

## CAVATINA.

Whoever yet heard me complaining,  
Whoever beheld me distress'd ?

(*aside*)

Oh, heavens! while thus I'm refraining  
From grief, what I feel in this breast.

(*affecting cheerfulness*)

With mirth and with gladness,  
Banish all sadness,

And feel all the pleasure pure joys can impart.

(*aside, with an expression of sadness*)

While trouble and sorrow are breaking my heart.

(*cheerfully to her father*)

Dear father, ne'er shall sad complaining,

Make me forget that you are nigh ;

I've nought to wish for now remaining—

(*aside, with an expression of grief*)

But to—die!

(*cheerfully turning to her father*)

And though sometimes tearful,

Yet 'tis not for sadness,

My heart thro' my eyes doth o'erflow ;

No, no, 'tis of gladness,

And pleasure, the glow ;

For I am not fearful,

But happy and cheerful,

And feel all the transport pure joys can bestow.

*Enter, during the Cavatina, Count W., GERTRUDE, and  
DERMOND, from cottage.*

*Wal.* Not for worlds would I remain another day from home.

*Count W. (coming forward)* Poor Emmelina! I see the necessity of your leaving us, Walter; but ere you go, I would inform you, that to render your residence here as happy as possible, I have determined to establish a Swiss colony on my estate, and have invited as many of your friends and neighbours as chose to accept my offer, to come and live with me. (*Emmelina is attentive*) They are

now on their way, and if I am rightly informed—(*pointing, observing Emmelina*) one HENRY FREEBERG is among the number.

*Emme.* Henry Freeberg ! (*she swoons away, and is conveyed by her mother into the cottage, followed by all present, expressing their alarm*).

*Enter GREENHORN, through gates in centre.*

*Green.* In spite of my very great experience, I cannot conceive why the Count should take so much trouble to please these wild Hottentots. I am greatly afraid he's not quite right in his upper story. Had he been advised by a young man of my experience, he never would—(*Henry Freeberg, the Alpine Shepherd, appears at the park-gate and plays on his pipe the symphony of the air he afterwards sings*)—Hollo ! who's this ? (*opens the gate and lets in Henry*) Who are you ? where do you come from ? and what's your business here, Mr. Whippersnapper ?

*Henry.* I am a poor wandering minstrel from Switzerland. (*regards the scene surprised*) Heavens ! where am I ? how like our dear village of Greenwald.—(*to Greenhorn*) I wish to speak with the noble Count Wallstein.

*Green.* So, so, you come from Switzerland. Hem ! another of the precious fraternity. The Count's not at home, young man ; and as his confidential private secretary of state, and most experienced factotum, let me tell you, we've got enough of your tribe here already ; and though I am naturally very generous and quite the gentleman, yet I never encourage vagrants, so the right about face, Mr. — Apropos, my young fellow, what's your name, if you're master of such a thing ?

*Henry.* Insolent puppy ! my name is Henry Freeberg.

*Green.* Puppy ! puppy ! to me ! Why, thou insignificant hop-o'-my-thumb ! thou pigmy ! dwarf ! elf ! fairy ! how dare you use such language to a man of my inches ? one who could wring your neck off for you as easily as a sparrow's. Get thee gone, I say, before I let thee feel the weight of this arm, and the strength of this leg. Out with thee, a vile impertinent coxcomb. (*turns him out at gate*) Here, take your bundle of rags too along with you. (*throws Henry's bundle over the wall after him*) Puppy, indeed ! to a young man of my experience ! Egad, I shouldn't at all wonder if that young Whippersnapper isn't some sneaking lover of Miss Emmelina's. But it won't do, my fine fellow. No, no ! (*rubbing his hands and chuckling*)



quite other projects in view. The girl is pretty—so am I; engaging—so am I; discreet—so am I; clever—so am I; old enough to be married—so am I; in want of a husband—so am I—no—a wife, I mean; and the cause of all her melancholy is neither more nor less than a violent passion for me—which, considering my very insinuating manners, and above all, my stont, manly figure, is not in the least to be wondered at.

## SONG.

Young Master Greenhorn is my name,  
A lad of parts am I;  
To please the ladies is my aim,  
With this bewitching eye.  
From Switzerland there came, d'ye see,  
A maid soft as a dove,  
I only glanced—when, lo! with me,  
She straight did fall in love.

That I am little I allow,  
Yet of a merry mood;  
Nor do I care a rush, I vow,  
If little, I be good.  
Miss Emmelina thinks so too,  
And tells me with her eye,  
That she's in love with me, altho'  
I'm not quite six feet high.

If I but shewed my pretty nose,  
In this or any place,  
She blush'd just like a crimson rose,  
Nor looked me in the face;  
Yet now she nods and winks at me,  
Her tenderness to prove,  
And surely a blind man may see,  
May see, that this is love. (*the cottage door opens*)

*Green.* Ah! she comes, with downcast eyes, as usual, pretending not to see me. Oh, woman! woman! what a riddle art thou, in spite of all our experience!

*Enter EMMELINA from cottage, she reclines on a bank of flowers near the cottage door.*

*Emme.* Here will I remain.

*Green. (aside)* And so will I.

*Emme.* My heart is lighter, and I seem more cheerful now.

*Green. (aside)* Of course, for I am near her.

*Emme. (her mind wandering)* Where can he be, I wonder? Ah, I fancy I see him standing before me! (*rises, taking Greenhorn for Henry*) Ah, my love! is that you at last! Oh, how rejoiced I am to see you.

I left my peaceful humble state,  
To meet a hard and cruel fate ;  
Then tell me, gentlemen so kind,  
Where I my love may find.

In ev'ry castle, ev'ry cot,  
I sought her, full of grief,  
Yet not a soul could tell me ought  
That gave my mind relief:  
My spirits sink—my heart will break,  
Yet 'tis, my true love, for thy sake ;  
Oh, say, then, must I sigh in vain ?  
Will no one ease my bosom's pain ?

*Count W. (eagerly)* Your name, young man ?

*Henry.* Is Henry Freeberg.

*Count W.* Heaven be praised ! You are most heartily welcome ; here your wanderings shall end. Look around you, Henry—this is the park and estate of Count Wallstein—whom you behold before you ; I have established a Swiss colony on this spot—you will find several of your old acquaintance here—amongst the rest, there's honest Walter, and Gertrude his wife, and——

*Henry.* Emmelina their daughter ! shall I see her too ?

*Count W.* You shall.

*Henry. (kissing the Count's hand)* Oh, my Lord, you make me so happy ! Yet say, is she well ? and does she love me still ?

*Count W.* She does ! but caution is necessary—for should you appear to her too suddenly, the consequences might prove fatal. Bnt see, here come her father and mother—they too will rejoice to see you.

*Enter WALTER and GERTRUDE from Cottage.*

*Wal.* What Henry, my boy ! *(shakes hands with him)*

*Ger.* How rejoiced I am to see you.

*Henry.* But say, where is Emmelina ?

*Count W.* You shall see her anon. And now to concert some plan for introducing Henry to Emmelina in a manner least likely to agitate her feelings. Rely on me, and fear not.

#### FINALE.

*Count.* Now my friends, on your compliance  
I depend, and hope the best—  
If you place in me reliance,  
I will set your hearts at rest.

*Walter, Gertrude, Dermond, and Henry.*  
Yes, in you we'll place reliance,  
Who a brother's woes can feel,  
And in all things yield compliance,  
Nor a wish nor thought conceal.

*Enter GREENHORN, with a numerous train of domestics, all running quite out of breath.*

*Greenhorn, (to Dermond.)*

Oh, uncle, believe me,  
I'm all in a smoke;  
For faith 'tis no joke,  
To run like a greyhound  
The park all the way round.  
Oh, how I have gallopp'd and canter'd away;  
And yet all in vain—  
The piper is gone;  
Yes, indeed,  
He's march'd off again.

*Der.* He's gone? you young villain.

*Green.* Yes, gone for a shilling.

*Henry, (tapping him on the shoulder.)*

Don't lay, or you'll lose—  
Don't you see I'm here?  
Altho' you abused me,  
And entrance refused me,  
Yet still I am here.

*Green.* I'm glad on't—I'm glad on't—

Yet did I refuse?

*Omnes.* Huzza, he is here.

*Count, (pointing to cottage, o.p. the door of which opens.)*

See, fair Emmelina yonder  
Comes, on nature's charms to ponder;  
'Tis too soon, so let's retreat,  
For the lovers yet to meet.

*Henry.* Where? oh, where?

*Wal.* Hush, hush, or you'll be heard.

*Henry.* Oh, but one, one single word.

*Count.* Come, away.

*Henry.* I intreat.

*Count.* No, it is too soon to meet.

*Henry.* Emmelina!

*Count and Walter, (keeping him back.)*

Silence, silence.

*Emmelina comes slowly forward from cottage—the rest keep retiring.*

*Henry.* But one word.

*Count.* Hush, hush, or you'll be heard;

*Omnes.* Silence.

*Emme.* See, the sun in golden splendour,  
Disappearing in the west.

*Henry, (struggling.)*

Let me.

*Count.* No, no, pray be silent.

*Emme.* And the night—

*Henry, (struggling)*

Pr'ythee take pity on me.

*Emme.* Invites to rest.

*Count, (keeping Henry back)*

It must not be.

*Emme.* To my cottage cheerfully

I'll retire—there reposing,

In a dream my love to see.

*Henry.* Emmelina !

*Count.* Silence.

*Emme.* I'll retire—there reposing,  
In a dream my love to see.

*Count and Walter.*

Softly, softly !

*Emme.* My own true love to see. [Exit into cottage.

*Henry.* How she loves me ! let me go.

*Greenhorn, (to Dermond)*

Uncle, there, I told you so,

*Greenhorn and Henry.*

Doubtless, doubtless, I'm the cause—  
I'm the cause of all her woe.

*Count. (drawing near the cottage)*

Gently slumber, lovely maiden,  
Angels guard thee from all harm.

*Omnes.* Gently slumber, lovely maiden,  
Angels guard thee from all harm.

*Count.* Now, my friends, away ; gently—  
Gently, lest we cause alarm.

*Omnes.* Yes, my lord, we'll follow gently—  
Gently, lest we cause alarm.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.

*The same as before—only that the wall, gate, and poplar trees, which intercepted the view are now removed.—Greenhorn and several Labourers are seen at work, cutting down the trees, and removing the last fragments of the park wall in hand and wheelbarrows.*

#### CHORUS OF LABOURERS.

The morn appears, the night is gone,  
(*Music till the labour is complete.*)

[Allegro] See, see, the task is gladly done,

For our gracious lord ;

And he who well his duty does,

The happiness of sweet repose

May claim as his reward.

#### Enter DERMOND.

*Der.* Well done, my lads—you've completed your task, I see, and just in good time.

*Green.* Yes, uncle, I have indeed, with some trifling assistance ; and I'm sure it's little short of witchcraft to get such a lot of work done in one night—trees as high as the church steeple, and a wall as thick as—

*Der.* Thy head, blockhead ! Pshaw ! no more of thy prating, sirrah, or—

*Green.* There's my thanks now, for working all night like a certain long-eared animal, that generally gets more kicks than emolument.



*Der.* (*to the Labourers*) Here, my lads, take your wages; and moreover, the Count invites you to the grand rural fête this evening—so do not forget to come and partake of his Lordship's hospitality.

*Labo.* Long live the noble Count Wallstein. Hurrah!

[*Exeunt.*]

*Der.* (*looking round*) Beautiful! who would have thought it possible to have done so much in so short a time. Poor Emmelina! how she will rejoice; and when she learns that her dear Henry is here too——

*Green.* Of course, uncle, I am to be invited to the ball as well. Ah! then I shall have the pleasure of dancing with my dear Emmelina.

*Der.* Thy Emmelina! ha, ha, ha! Go thy ways, thou art a stupid cub, and hast as many faults as there are days in the year. In the first place, thou art as envious and curious as an old maid of sixty-six.

*Green.* Nay, uncle, you do me wrong. As to envy, I'm perfectly free from that—only I can't bear to see any body else have what I want myself, that's all: and as to curiosity, I'm sure I'm an utter stranger to any such a vice—though I confess I'd give the world to know what can induce the Count to take all this unnecessary trouble. Come, do tell us, there's a good old soul. Why has the park been transmogrified in this manner? Why have we been compelled to fell trees, and level walls, and build such cottages as were never seen in a christian-like country? And why have all these wild Swiss mountaineers been sent for to inhabit them? And why——

*Der.* (*pulling his ear*) And why—and why? and why art thou such an inquisitive puppy? You are not in the least curious! Oh, no! not curious. However, if you'll promise to behave yourself properly, and not ask any more ridiculous questions, you may come. So run and put on your very best Sunday clothes, d'ye hear?

*Green.* (*aside*) Ah, now I have it! His lordship, the Count, who does every thing so mysteriously, has been making all these preparations merely to celebrate *my* nuptials with the charming Emmelina.

*Der.* Thy nuptials! Ha, ha, ha!

*Green.* Ah, uncle, I see plainly how it is—and you are bound to secrecy; I am to be most agreeably surprised.—Well, well, I don't blame you, uncle. I'll go and embellish my interesting person; and then in the evening, before a numerous assembly, the Count, taking the lovely



Emmelina by the hand, will advance with her to me, saying—"Young Master Solomon Greenhorn, receive from me the reward of merit, the beautiful Emmelina." And then I, with my natural dignity and consequence, shall reply—"My Lord, I am sensible——"

*Der.* That's more than you ever were, or ever will be.—Begone, I say, and get thee ready.

*Green.* I go, uncle! Let me see now—what shall I wear? I have it! Breeches—inexpressibles I mean—*green*, the colour of hope: waistcoat, *red*—the colour of love: coat, *yellow*—the colour of jealousy: gloves, *white*—the colour of innocence. Then with a feather in my hat, and this dear nosegay in my bosom, I shall be fully equipped as a most interesting young bridegroom. Yes, uncle, you'll be after all obliged to confess, that young Master Solomon Greenhorn is a credit to the whole family. Such a dress, and such a person in it, cannot fail to create a most extraordinary sensation. Waistcoat, red—coat, yellow—breech—no—inexpressibles, green. Oh, oh! [*Exit.*]

*Der.* Ha, ha, ha!—(*regarding the cottage*) No one stirring yet—all still in the arms of sleep. But no—the window opens; I'll retire. [*Exit into Henry's cottage, P.S.*]

*Emmelina appears at the window, and regards the surrounding scenery with rapture, while Walter and Gertrude enter from cottage.*

#### TERZETTO.

*Emmelina, [at window] Walter, and Gertrude.*

Oh, how lovely is the morning!  
Oh, how lovely—how delighting,  
Sorrow chasing—joy inviting;  
Not a tear must now be seen,  
For the sun of joy returning,  
On this lovely, blessed morning,  
Makes me bless'd, as I have been—  
Oh, how lovely is the morning.

*Wal.* The Count desired to be informed the moment Emmelina appeared. Come, Gertrude, let us hasten to call him, that he may be a witness of our unspeakable felicity. Come! [*Exeunt, U.E. P.S.*]

*Enter EMMELINA from cottage, (O.P.)*

*Emme.* The sweet morning air is quite refreshing: I feel quite happy! (*Music—regarding the scene with a mixture of pleasure and surprise*)—Can it be possible? No! yet—sure that is Henry's cottage. (*pointing to cottage, O.P.*) *Music—She draws near to cottage, O.P. then rubs her*

eyes, as if convinced it is but an illusion) No, they shall not deceive me a second time; yet how striking the resemblance! (*Music—Her agitation betrays the conflict of reason with imagination*) Do my eyes deceive me? (*Music—Turns away from the cottage—covers her face with her hands, exclaiming*) 'Tis all a mere illusion! 'Twas cruel to deceive poor Emmelina!—(*Music.*) This is the Count's doing! he wishes to keep me here, by recalling dear recollections to my mind. Yet he's a noble gentleman, and so kind to my poor parents! (*sighs*) I will reward him with—my tears. (*weeps—hurried music*) Yet remain here I cannot. No! away! away! Emmelina! leave this strange country. (*crosses to o.p. and sees her parents cottage*) But, no! I must remain! My poor parents are so comfortable here in their old age—I'll not be a barrier to their happiness, but remain and—suffer here! (*Music—She sees her little flower-garden, and runs towards it, saying*) My flowers, too! but all withered! (*Music—Takes up a drooping rose in a flower-pot, and regards it, shaking her head, saying*) Alas! 'twas my neglect; (*Music—Places the flower-pot on the ground, runs back to fetch her watering-pot, which she fills at a little stream that gushes from a rock, and bending over the rose, says*) Sweet flower! I will revive thee, if it be not too late. (*While busied with the rose, the celebrated Swiss Shepherd's call, Rance des Vaches; in German, Die Kuhreihen, is heard played on a clarinet in Henry's cottage. Emmelina lets fall the watering-pot, and is as one petrified, still recumbent over the rose. The air proceeding, she bends her head towards the spot from whence the music proceeds, her countenance betraying that painfully pleasing sensation of the soul, called in German, Heimweh. The music at length dies away—Emmelina seems to doubt her having heard it, and is about to resume her task of watering the rose, when the same wild mountain melody again excites her attention—she rises, appears greatly agitated, yet stands with her back to Henry's cottage—the door of which now opens, and Dermond is seen endeavouring to keep Henry from too hastily discovering himself to Emmelina. This interesting pantomime ends with the following*

## DUET.

*Emmelina and Henry, not seeing each other.*

No country such a charm possesses,  
As that where lies our native home;  
And e'en the very thought distresses,  
From the beloved spot to roam.

*Henry. Emmelina!*

*Emme. (turning round, perceives him) My Henry!*  
*(Henry rushes into her arms, while the Count, Walter, Gertrude, and Dermond enter behind and remains observing the lovers).*

*Emmelina and Henry, [together].*  
 It is, it is! Emmelina! my Henry!  
 Speak, speak! Is this a dream?  
 I have thee again—it is not a dream!  
 I have thee again—it is not a dream!  
 Oh, come to this heart, where no ills shall annoy,  
 For words cannot utter how great is my joy.

*Wal. (advancing, places his hand on Henry and Emmelina's heads) Children! bounteous heaven is our friend!*

*Enter SOLOMON GREENHORN exalted in a sort of rustic triumphal car, and dressed exactly as described in his speech at the beginning of this act—Peasantry dancing on before, some draw his car, others carry garlands.*

*Green. (bowing to the company) Here I am, come to receive my lovely bride, and the congratulations of my friends.*

*Omnes. Ha, ha, ha!*

*Der. How dare you thus intrude, puppy? Dismount, I say, this moment, or—(pulls him out of the car by the ear) How could you presume, sirrah, in presence of his Lordship, to——*

*Green. Oh, really, I meant no offence—being a man of weight, I merely got into the triumphal car to see if it was strong enough to bear the happy couple—that was all, uncle.*

*(Music—The Count takes Emmelina and Henry by the hand, and leads them to the triumphal car, where Emmelina takes her place, with Henry beside her.)*

*Green. (to Emmelina) So, Miss, you prefer that young whippersnapper to me? Oh, very well, then—I'm only sorry that—you've lost so good a chance. (regarding his person)*

*Enter two Peasants with a device in flowers, containing the names of Emmelina and Henry.*

**GRAND FINALE—Peasantry dancing.**

Let us then, pure joys possessing,  
 Offer with a grateful heart  
 Thanks to heaven; no ills distressing—  
 For we meet no more to part.

*The Lovers are drawn in procession round the Stage as*

**THE CURTAIN FALLS.**



